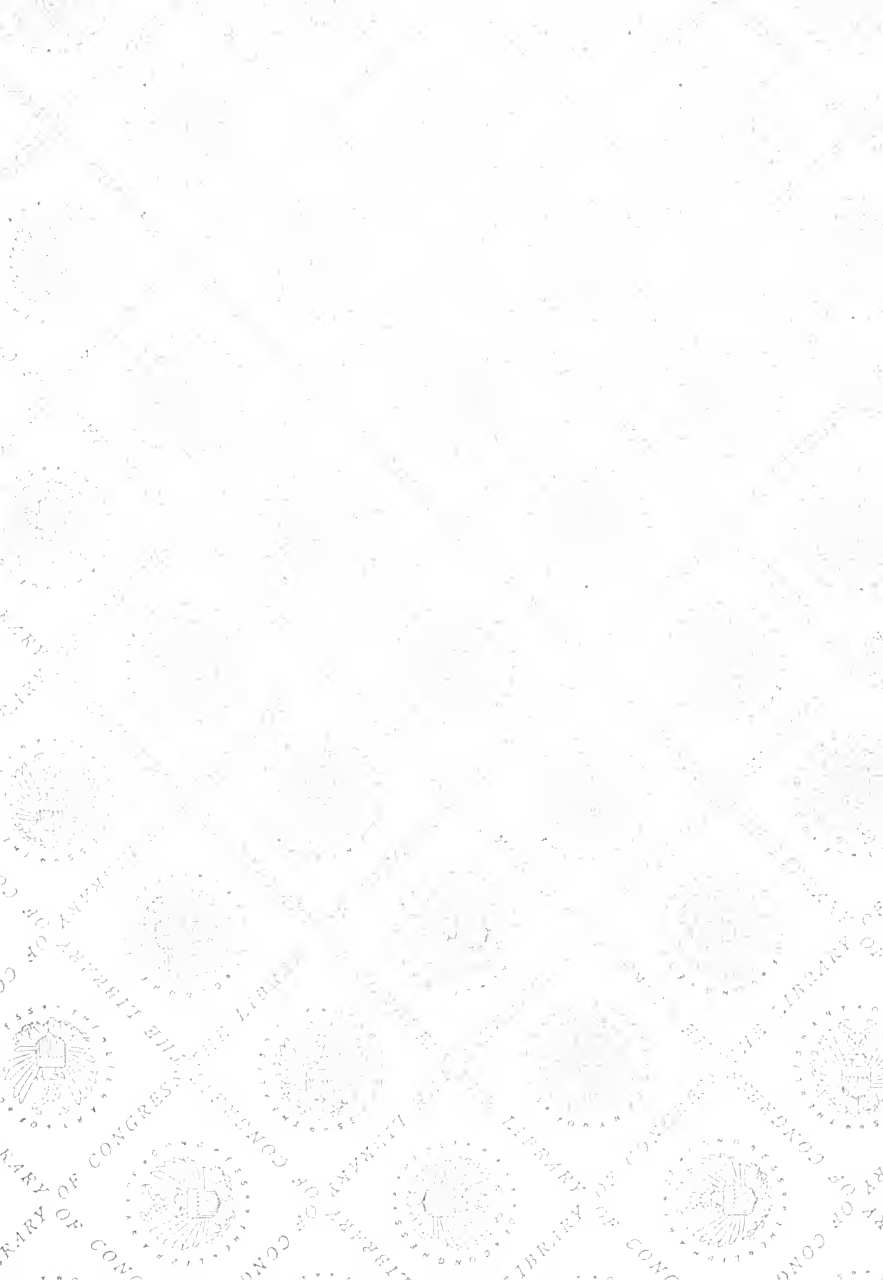
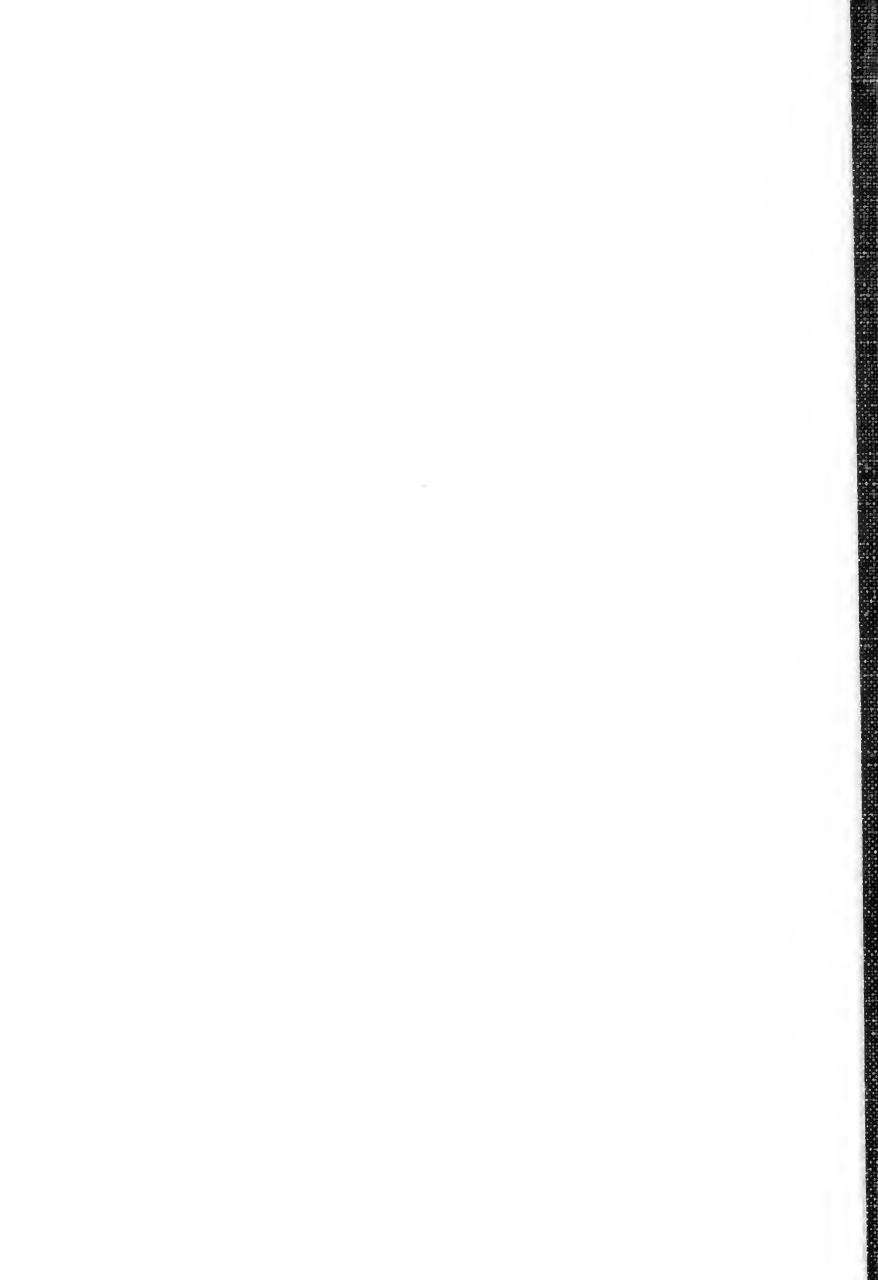


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BIG SANDY POEMS

—BY—

PETER CLAY.



PHOENIX HOTEL

Inez, Ky.

B. P. CASSADY,

PROPRIETOR

This Hotel is a large building situated on Main st in the center of the town, well arranged, well kept, accommodations first class, charges reasonable. Has in connection a first class Feed and Livery Stable. Care of horses a specialty. Horses to let at all times

B I G S A N D Y P O E M S,

—BY—



P E T E R C L A Y.

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EDEN, KENTUCKY.
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P R E F A C E.

IN PREPARING this little volume for the public, it has not been my object to excel or evade criticism, but merely to give my friends, and those who may wish, the casual productions of my early days. Neither have I attempted, in the production of these Poems, to excite universal admiration. In fact, when they were written, they were not intended for the public; being composed for mere amusement during my leisure hours; and whatever merit they contain, I attribute not to any acquired effort of my own, but to a poetic instinct implanted in my being by the divine author of all poetry—God. True poetry is a child of heaven and a twin sister of that other sweet seraph, Music; whose voices, methinks, make glad the courts of heaven. And no one can be truly a Poet, unless his foot-steps are attended and his heart attuned to higher and sweeter sentiments by this guardian angel. When but a little child, in the bright spring-time of life, my young heart caught the sweet minstrelsy, which was developed more fully in after years, finding vent in the productions of my leisure hours. Some of these found their way into the hands of the anxious public, who showered many compliments upon my young head. During my school days, demands were made, by some of my friends, for a volume of my own production; but, feeling the inability of my

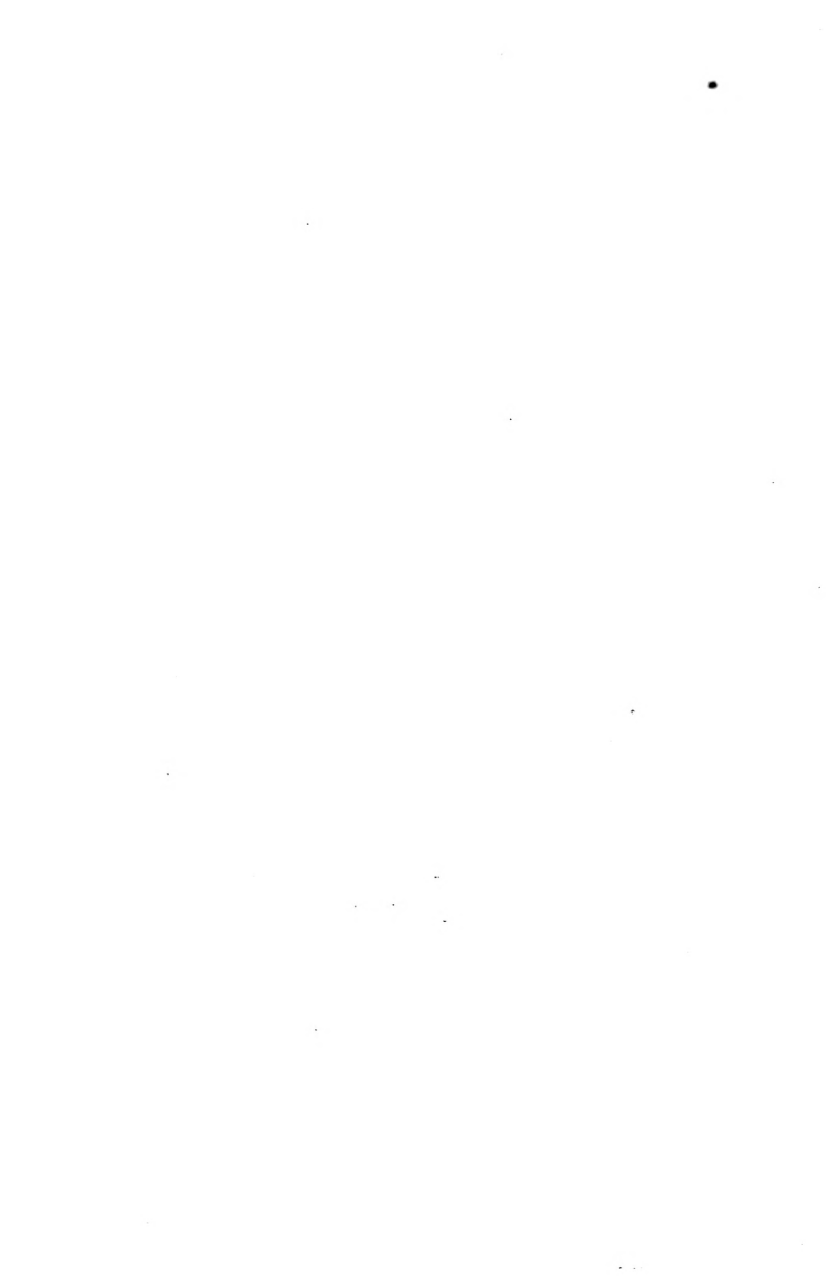
youth, I dared not launch my ship upon the great sea of Literature. It is now with a light heart, that I come down to the golden sand, fearlessly, to launch this little bark; and as I watch its snowy sails move out among the mighty vessels, I can but invoke the blessings of heaven to attend it, and pray that it may receive a kind welcome in every harbor. If it should go down beneath the surging waves, I will not be found, standing on the shore, crying with a sad heart, "Oh! when will my lost ship return home to me;" but will be found constructing a larger and stronger vessel, to be again launched upon the billowy sea. May God's own hand guide it safely o'er the waves; may it find a safe harbor in every breast, and bring some gem of precious thought to every heart,

THE AUTHOR.



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BIG SANDY POEMS

—BY—

P E T E R C L A Y

MINIE A. CASSADY

SHE was beautiful and fair,
No heart was kinder, truer,
Her sweet eyes and golden hair
Added smiles to all who knew her.
Like the sunshine of the morning
Adds a charm to flowers and dew,
Her sweet spirit gave us warning,
To be loved, we must be true.

Like a modest blushing flower
Spreads its fragrance on the air,
She possessed a magic power
That spread joy every-where:
And the music of her voice,
As she sung God's power to save,
Made all our hearts rejoice,
As we looked beyond the grave.

But like sweet flowers of May,
That only blush to die,
She smiled on us and passed away,
Far up beyond the sky.
Yes an angel of the seven
Summoned her one day,
And to a brighter home in heaven,
Her sweet soul took its way.

And when her spirit took its flight,
Earth lost a jewel rare;
But heaven gained a brighter light,
To shine forever there.
And though to lose her was our fate,
Her God was pleased to greet her;
And as she reached the Pearly gate,
Bright angels came to meet her.

And now upon the golden shore
Of life's celestial river,
With angel faces to adore,
Sweet Minnie lives forever.
A golden harp is in her hand,
A crown of life she wears,
Her voice in the angel band
Makes sweeter heaven's airs.

Yes, sweet minnie's gone forever,
From this vale of tears below,
And we shall see her never,
Until we are called to go.

Then on the bright angelic shore,
Far up beyond the skies,
We'll meet with her, to part no more,
Where love-light never dies.

TEACHER AND SICK SCHOLAR.

DEAR teacher, stay with me to-night,"
She said, as I kissed her to go;
And her face, upturned to the light,
Showed traces of lingering woe.
As I started she clung to my hand
And pleadingly looked in my face;
But the look I did not understand,
As I smoothed back the snow of her lace.

"But Florie, my dear friends at home
Won't know where I am if I stay,
Won't it do if tomorrow I come,
As soon as the first streak of day?
"But tomorrow, dear teacher," she said,
"I'll not be found at this place,
Tomorrow I'll be with the dead,
My spirit gone out into space.

Won't you stay if some one will go
And tell them you're with me to-night?
She said, and her voice sunk low,
Her eyes shone wondrously bright.
"I'll stay, dear Florie," I said,
"And comfort you all in my power:

And close by the side of her bed,
I watched o'er the sweet fading flower.

"Dear Florie, why act in this way?"
(For I knew the sweet thing would reply,)
"You're better, the doctors all say,
And why do you think you will die?"
"Dear teacher, I know they all think
I am better, and soon will be gay;
But I know I am now on the brink,
And my spirit will soon pass away."

"Are you afraid to die, my dear flo?"
I asked in the gentlest tone.
"Not of dying, dear teacher. O no,
But of going away all alone."
"But my child, its to heaven you'll go,
Where sorrowing ones cease to weep,
Where the angels will bless little Flo—"
She had gently fallen asleep.

For hours I watched her with care;
She awoke, and a change I could see,
I knew the death-angel was near;
But her dear little heart was not free.
"Please pray again, teacher," she said,
"That Florie may not go alone."
And I knelt by the side of her bed,
And prayed for the the angels to come.

Once more she closed her bright eyes,
Once more her lips moved in prayer;
But soon, in joyous surprise,
She exclaims "I'm free from all care,
O what do I see!—a bright throne!
And angels descending from high—
They're coming to go with me home!
I'm not afraid, teacher, good-bye.

And then little Florie so fair
Flew away with the angels of love,
And we wept, but not in despair,
For we knew she was happy above.
No more shall mortals behold
This beautiful flower on earth,
But in heaven its petals unfold,
Where angels admire its worth.

OCTOBER

WITH softest tread October came,
Like one that's broken hearted,
With saddest smile and sweetest face,
To weep o'er the departed.
Her purple robe, bedecked with gold,
Flashed in the sun-set splendor,
While on the balmy air, her sighs
Were born in accents tender.

She stooped to kiss the dying flowers,
Her face with pity glowing,
And laid them gently in their graves,
Bright colors o'er them strewing;
A deep sigh heaved her tender breast,
Because the flowers were gone;
And a jeweled tear of pity fell
On the curtains, o'er them drawn.

With sweetest face bedewed with tears,
She knelt upon the sod,
And a gentle prayer was wafted
On spirit wings to God,
Then a whisper, like an angel's,
Was reflected from the skies,
Saying "Weep no more, fair sister,
Sleeping beauty shall arise."

Then this angel of October,
Like a fairy queen, arose
And spread her shining pinions
O'er friends and o'er foes;
Her face had lost its sadness,
And her eyes were shining clear,
For the gentle voice from heaven
Had vanquished every tear.

Her sighs were changed to music
Of the purest, sweetest strains,
And were wafted by the zephyrs
O'er hills and o'er plains.

Saying "beauty is eternal,
And death is but a sleep;
We shall wake and live forever,
And eternal glories reap."

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

ONE sweet summer eve, when the nightingales sung,
And the sun kissed the hill-tops good-night,
I strolled down beside the lake of Too-Lung,
And met, there, a most charming sprite.

The soft balmy air kissed the dew-laden flowers,
Fair Luna unveiled her sweet face,
And poured down her rays in silvery showers,
While the stars twinkled in on a race.

As I strolled along on the glistening shore
This wonderful angel I spied;
I never had seen the sweet vision before,
And straightway it flew to My side.

Abashed was I then, so sublime was the scene,
But I felt secure from all harm;
I knew the sweet vision I saw was no dream,
As its hand gently fell on my arm.

I felt a soft thrill at the magical touch,
And about me flashed a new light,
While the flowery heath I admired so much,
Was fading away from my sight.

I stood there entranced, for of speech I had none,
As I gazed on the vision before me;
But I felt in my heart a new life had begun,
So strange was the spell that came o'er me.

My soul was enwrapped in a sense of delight,
A sweet, unexperienced condition;
And growing quite bold, I addressed the fair sprite,
Determined to learn its strange mission.

“Fair angel, pray tell me, what is thy name?
And why hast thou wandered this way?
Where is thy abode? pray tell me the same,
And why hast thou blessed me to-day?

The vision then spoke, in a voice as sweet
As the soft, thrilling notes of a lyre;
And a glittering tear fell low at my feet,
As the presence, sweet seraph, drew nigher.

“My home is in heaven, the fountain of light,
Where shineth a clime ever vernal,
Where angels rejoice in songs of delight,
And glories and bliss are eternal.

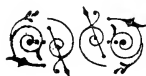
And now, fair mortal, my mission is this,
To woo thee, and win thee, for heaven,
To wrap thy soul in a mantle of bliss,
The angels of glory hath given.

I'll crown thee with blessings far richer than those
That the powers of earth can unroll,
And when thou art wrapped in peaceful repose,
I'll whisper sweet dreams to thy soul.

Thy guardian angel, I'll ever attend thee,
Continually guiding thy foot-steps aright,
Though perils beset I'll ever defend thee,
And anchor thy soul in the haven of light.

Where'er I roam, whe'er I wander,
This vision of glory is still by my side,
I know we shall pass to the clime over yonder,
'Mid elysian fields of bliss to reside.

And now fair reader, when perils confound you,
May blessings descend from heaven above,
May this sweet presence in glory surround you,
The wonderful presence, the presence of LOVE.



HAPPINESS AND LOVE

HAPPINESS, bright angel from heaven,
 And Love, the proud Hero of old,
 Met on the bank of life's river,
 Where flowers of beauty unfold.

Life's sun was shining in splendor,
 Sweet odors pervaded the air,
 Nature unveiled her fair face,
 And smiled on the angelic pair.

"Sweet angel" said Love in a whisper
 As soft and as sweet as a dream,
 "I have sought you, but never could find you
 By the side of this wonderful stream;

But now I've found you, come with me
 Adown by the bright golden shore,
 Where transports of pleasure await us,
 And sorrow and pain are no more."

Happiness with face like the morning,
 And smiles all passive and sweet,
 Turned her fair face to the Hero,
 And dropped a bright tear at his feet.

"O yes, sweet Love, I'll go with you.
 I never can part from your side,
 Amid bright fields of sweet flowers,
 Together through life, we will glide."

As I gazed on this angelic couple,
I said, O can this be a dream?
And while I was gazing in wonder,
They strolled from my sight down the stream.

As I thought of their lives full of sun-shine,
I envied them more and more;
But little I thought of the drama,
So soon to be played on the shore.

As I wandered adown the bright river,
I forgot the vision, ('twas no dream,)
Till I saw a quaint bow and a quiver,
Which the Hero had dropped by the stream.

Then I thought of the couple that wandered
In bliss so entrancing and sweet,
Till I wondered and more than pondered
If again the bright forms I should meet.

While musing alone on the heather—
Oh heaven, dispel the sad sight!—
For close at my feet on the daisies,
Lay Happiness ghastly and white.

An arrow had pierced her fair bosome,
Thus cleaving the purest heart;
The murder was wrought by the Hero,
For "LOVE" was inscribed on the dart.

THE BROKEN VOW

ONE lovely night, when the stars shone bright,
I gave my heart to Nora,
The fairest one that e'er begun
To tread the fields of glory.

We sat alone, where the feint light shone
In rays of softest hue;
She vowed to me, on land or sea,
To be forever true.

And when she spoke, my soul awoke
To bliss unfelt before;
And there we vowed, through sun and cloud,
To separate no more.

My gushing tears fell thick with hers,
Our quivering lips united;
And thus the vow, that solemn vow,
Was sealed the night we plighted.

And thus we sat, our souls enrapt
In sweetest bliss, for hours,
While 'round us fell, the mystic spell
Of love, in charming showers.

When we arose, Oh! heaven knows
How loth I was to go;
And as we stood in thoughtful mood,
She whispered soft and low,

“Remember now this solemn vow,
I will forever keep;
Though now we part, this loving heart,
Alone for you, will beat.”

Then to my breast, her form I pressed,
While tears of true love started;
One thrilling kiss of sweetest bliss,
Two sighs, and then—we parted.

And years have flown, and I have grown
Far wiser if not better;
But tears will rise, when I see the prize
That binds me like a fetter.

Upon my hand, a gilded band
Remains, a sacred token;
But the golden chain, that held us twain,
By cruel fate, was broken.

And Nora fair, with golden hair—
May heaven’s smiles go with her—
Is a charming bride by another’s side,
And I—well I forgive her.

ODE TO EDEM

O Eden, sweet Eden,
The town of my birth,
You are dearer to me
Than cities of worth;
I love you more ardent
Than places of old,
Though shining with rubies
Or sparkling with gold.

The hills that surround you
Are dearer to me,
Than lawns of sweet grasses
That border the sea:
And the songs of the birds,
As they fall on my ear,
Are sweeter to me,
Because they are here.

The flowers that bloom
In your gardens abound
With grandeur and beauty,
But here to be found,
While among them a face
Like a fairy is seen,
But sweeter than Flora's,
The sweet flower queen.

The sun that shines down
From heaven so bold,
Did not shine so brightly
On Eden of old;
And the smiles of fair Luna,
Unveiling her face,
Pours a flood of enchantment
All over the place.

Your steeples and towers
That gleam in the light
Of the sun during day
Or the moon-beams at night,
Are enshrined to my heart
more wondrously fair,
Than bright gilded castles
That flash in the air.

All your surroundings
Are pregnant with love,
As if an angel
Had come from above
With the blessings of heaven
To scatter on earth,
And dropped them on Eden,
Sweet town of my birth.

And why do I love you?
Sweet town, some may ask;
To answer them all
will be no hard task;

I love you, because
You're the place of my birth'
The one cheerished spot
Of all others on earth.

O! I love you, because
The pride of my life,
One sweeter than Eden,
(And yet not a wife)
Claims you as her home,
And loves you as I,
And so I must love you,
Sweet town, till I die.

MINNIE'S GRAVE

TO-DAY I stood by Minnie's grave,
Where sweetest violets grow,
I saw the green grass o'er it wave,
In undulations slow;
And friendship's tear suffused my eyes,
To think how cold and still she lies.

The sun was sinking in the west,
Kissing the hill-tops o'er,
As Minnie fair, sweet child at rest,
Had watched it oft before;
And as it sunk its soft rays fell
On the verdant hills she loved so well.

And then I thought how very sad,
It is to part from those
Who once had made our hearts so glad,
And soothed our many woes;
Who, like sweet angels hovering near,
Have given sighs for many a tear.

I knelt beside the sacred mound
In simple adoration,
And then a gentle whispered sound
Broke my meditation;
It seemed to float upon the air
And whisper "Minnie is not there."

Within those silent walls of earth,
Beneath those flowers fair,
No treasure lies of real worth,
A broken shell is there;
The jewel that within it lay
By angel hands was caught away.

And then I said "It can not be,
I saw them put her there,
I saw her face serene and free
From trouble, pain, or care;
A floral wreath was on her breast,
Inscribed in silver words, "At Rest."

But still the whisper said "Be just,
And heed my truthful story,
The thing you saw was only dust,
Her spirit rests in glory;
Her form was laid beneath that sod,
Her spirit floated up to God.

And then I 'rose and stood beside
The marble at her head,
And on its polished face, I spied
Immortal words, and read
"Weep not, father and mother, for me,
For I am waiting in glory for thee."

O! can it be that those we love,
Sweet flowers that are given,
Are taken to the wreath above,
To beckon us to heaven?
It must be so, they pass away
To draw us on to perfect day.

O! let us then no longer weep
For loved ones gone before,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
On Bula's shining shore;
And when we cross the mystic river,
We'll meet them there, to live forever.

THE HONEYSUCKLE.

Here's a sweet little flower that grows on the hill-side,
Where the soft zephyrs of the evening winds blow;
It spreads its perfume, from the morn till the noon-tide,
In fragrance as sweet as the roses we know.

It blows 'mid the rays of the sun in the morning,
Is kissed by his rays when he sinks in the west;
And in the dark hour of mid-night, adorning,
Its petals are spread o'er mother earth's breast.

That sweet little flower to me is the dearest
Of all the wild flowers that bloom in the wood,
It clings to my heart the fondest and nearest—
I'll cherish it ever' with things that are good.

It stands by the grave of the one I adored,
To bring me sweet thoughts of the past until yet,
And if all the bliss of the past was restored,
That sweet little flower I will never forget.

That sweet little flower to me is a token
Of love ever sweet, but love early lost;
It's a link in a chain that can ne'er be broken,
For love is divine and is far beyond cost.



A LOST LOVE.

MY life was once as merry
As a bird's that knows no care,
As full of smiles and sun-shine
As the flowers that are fair;
My hopes were bright and shining
As the glowing sun-set sky,
And the tear of disappointment
Had never dimmed my eye.

O! how sweet it was to live then,
With a heart so full of love,
As tender as a floweret,
As spotless as a dove;
A heart that knew no sadness,
A love that knew no tears,
Until fate so cold and cruel
Cast a shadow o'er my years.

Bright pictures lay before me,
Of happiness in store;
But those sweet hopes have vanished
To return, ah! never-more;
For a shade as dark and gloomy
As the ebon god of night
Dispersed the brilliant sun-shine,
And the smile of sweet delight.

My love was poured in rapture
upon a handsome manly form,
With eyes like sparkling diamonds,
And face as sweet as morn;
But he was cold and cruel,
And love he never knew,
Affections' tear had never
Dimmed his eye; he was untrue.

My heart Went out to meet him,
When he looked at me and smiled,
And his words were sweet and tender
As the accents of a child.
With his soft dark eyes he won me,
As the sunshine wooes the flowers;
And he vowed to love me ever,
And that sweetest bliss was ours;

Then he clasped me to his bosome,
O! the moments were sublime,
Our souls were filled with bliss,
And his lips were pressed to mine.
Our two hearts beat as one
In that sweetest hour of bliss,
And our spirits rushed together
In that love-enraptured kiss.

But days have since gone by,
And my sweetest hopes have fled,
Like the sunny days of childhood,
They are numbered with the dead.

For the soft dark eyes that won me,
And the lips of cherry hue,
Will greet me nevermore,
My fair one proved untrue.

But I'll not grow despondent,
I will live my life anew,
And center my affections
On the good, the brave, the true;
And I will look, here-after,
At the better side of life,
And win, among the noble,
One worthy of a wife.

I'll rise up in my youth-hood
And be true till the last,
And profit by the lesson
Of the cold and cruel past;
I will never grow despairing
As foolish lovers do,
For other suns are shining bright,
And other hearts are true.

The past shall be a picture
To hang on memory's wall.
Anon, I'll turn to view it,
Sweet visions to recall;
But a mist will hang before it,
To hide it from my view,
For a tear will dim the picture,
When I think he was untrue.

Then I'll turn my back upon it—
O! let the past be past—
I will face a glowing future,
Bright with hope until the last.
Farewell, fair swain, forever,
I may never meet with you;
But I'll forget you never,
As the one that proved untrue.

MOON LIGHT.

Twilight was disappearing,
The birds had gone to rest.
The pale moon was ascending
From behind the mountain's crest.
All nature was hushed in silence,
save the stirring of the breeze,
As it passed so gently by,
Among the forest trees.

Me thought a host of fairies
Were breathing on the air.
And dropping tears of gladness
On the flowers every where:
For I seemed to hear a whisper
On the balmy breath of night.
And see the tear-drops glisten
In the rays of Luna's light.

As the sun withdrew in glory
And hid his smiling face,
A seeming transformation
Came o'er the hallowed place;
The moon-beams fell around me
In rays of softest light;
Earth seemed as if enchanted
In the glorious moon-light.

My Love, she was beside me—
O! happy hour of bliss!
I stooped within the moon-light,
And stole a raptured kiss;
And Cupid spread his mantle
O'er us that lovely night,
And our vows were sealed with kisses.
'Mid the rays of Luna's light.

Bright day, in all his glory,
Can,t be compared to night,
When Cupid makes his debut
'Mid the rays of Luna's light.



THE HOP VINES O'ER THE DOOR.

W HILE passing through the country,
A cottage I did spy,
And a lovelier little cottage
Did never greet my eye.
It stood beside the high way
Some twenty steps or more—
What attracted my attention,
Was the Hop-vines o'er the door.

The cottage, it was humble,
The inmates, they were kind,
They reminded me of sweet friends
I had shortly left behind;
They treated me so gently,
As my mother did of yore—
But my thoughts were still attracted
To the Hop-vines o'er the door.

I gazed upon the Hop-vines
In tangled meshes broad,
That clambered o'er the door
Of the cottage by the road;
Yes, I gazed with admiration,
For the one whom I adore
Lives in the humble cottage,
With the hopvines o'er the door.

Her cheeks were like the roses,
Her teeth as white as pearls,
Her eyes like sparkling diamonds
Made her queen among the girls:
I never can forget her,
If I see her nevermore,
My memory will be kindled
By the Hop-vines o'er the door.

She was loving, kind, and gentle,
Her heart was brave and true,
Made her charming as an angel,
My bewitching little Lou;
But cruel fate bore me away,
And I've seen her no more;
But I know she must be happy,
With the Hop-vines o'er the door.

Where'er I roam on land or sea,
'Mid shades or sunny fountains,
I'll cherish in sweet memory
That cottage in the mountains:
And when I have a home myself,
If I have nothing more,
Give me a gentle hand to train
The Hop-vines o'er the door.



DARK EYES.

Y oung ladies with hearts,
Look out for the darts
That fly from the dark eye of jet;
Although you may try
To let them pass by,
They'll capture you, I will bet.

I can tell you of one,
Beneath the bright sun,
Who possesses a pair of those eyes,
Who can fire a dart
Through a kind, loving heart,
And smile on the victim who dies.

I met him one day
In the sweet month of May,
When Nature outrivals proud Art,
And from his dark eye,
He let a dart fly
That wounded my tender young heart.

Though smarting with pain,
I told him quite plain
I would quickly recover the blow:
But his magic dark eye
Did my efforts defy,
And the healing was painful and slow.

At first 'tis sweet,
Proud beauty to meet,
And drink of his bliss till you stagger;
But behind his dark eyes
A cruel fiend lies
To pierce your young heart with a dagger.

O how it can be!
Is what I can't see,
That Satan selected dark eyes
As a weapon to use,
Kind hearts to abuse,
Regardless of tears or of sighs.

But here is a truth,
Receive it in youth,
Old Satan 's exceedingly wise;
And his favorite place
Is a beautiful face,
Just behind a pair of dark eyes.

Sweet girls who are true,
This poem's for you,
Receive it if you would be wise;
For keen are the darts,
Prepared for young hearts,
That fly from magic dark eyes.

THE POND AND STREAMLET

IN Sandy's pleasant valley,
Among the willow trees,
Lay a pond with glassy waters
That rippled in the breeze,
Close by a little streamlet
Went babbling on its way,
Repeating gentle murmurs
From morn till close of day.

The pond said to the streamlet,
As it danced in sunny glee,
"Why waste your shining waters?
Why give them up so free?
When the burning rays of Summer
Come down with thirsty glow,
You will need the sparkling water
You are sending off below.

I am saving all my forces
For the battle and the strife,
When a million thirsty sun-beams
Shall seek to take my life;
So I'll have a force sufficient,
To resist the bold attack,
And when the darts are fired,
I need only wave them back.

But you my little friend,
So full of mirth to-day,
Will be murdered by a sun-beam,
And falter on your way;
Take a lesson and example
From the lake-let at your side,
But the happy little streamlet
Not even once replied.

So the pond remained in silence,
Not another word it said,
But the streamlet still continued,
Babbling o'er its pearly bed;
Its placid waters rippling
O'er pebbles white as snow,
Dancing onward to the ocean
And the larger streams below.

The icy breath of winter
Made the little stream to quake,
And congealed the swelling bosom
Of the tanquil little lake;
But the chilly days of winter,
Like a spectre flew away,
And the two received the kisses
Of fairest, sweetest May.

By and by sweet May departed,
Leaving bees and birds and flowers
To cheer the lake and streamlet
Through summer's burning hours.

The selfish lake had horded
Every drop it had received,
But the brook with crystal waters
Many thirsty ones relieved.

The burnished rays came down,
Truly seeking to devour
Every pond or little streamlet
That lay within their power;
But the streamlet was protected
By pleasant leafy bowers,
Not a sun ray fell upon it
During Summer's sultry hours.

Children were delighted,
To play upon its brink,
To bathe their glowing limbs,
Or its placid waters drink.
It was greeted by the music
Of the sweetest singing birds,
And its banks were a retreat
For gentle lowing herds.

But how was it with the pond?
It was heated by the sun,
Its waters bred miasma,
And malaria's work begun;
Unpleasant odors floated
On the breezes o'er its face,
It was spurned by animation,
Even frogs abhorred the place.

When the waters of the streamlet
Past old ocean's shore,
God took it up in incense
And kissed it o'er and o'er;
To a shining cloud he changed it,
And hung it in the sky,
To be wafted by the zephyrs
To the streamlet by and by.

When at last it hovered o'er
Where the streamlet bubbled up,
The tips of angel fingers
Tilted o'er the golden cup;
And the crystal waters falling,
Did the little stream relieve,
Till in sweetest song it chanted
"Better give than to receive."

VISA VERSA.

The flowers are the gentle stars
That deck this world of ours,
The jems that deck the upper sky
Are only heaven's flowers:
And when we can not see the stars
Of earth, so dark is night,
Celestial flowers will unfold
Their golden petals bright.

JUNE

I have watched the months roll by,
Each bringing scenes of beauty,
Each, in its own peculiar way,
Inspiring us with duty:
Some with sunshine, some with storm,
Some with gentle showers;
But none are half so fair to me,
As June, sweet month of flowers.

December wears a robe of snow
About his icy form,
He loves to pinch the little boys,
And chase them off to warm.
September wears a golden robe,
And sighs away her hours;
But one comes greeting us with smiles,
Fair June, sweet month of flowers.

March, the little brawling elf,
Comes roaring like a lion,
The little rogue will have your hat,
If you don't keep your eye on.
April ushers opening buds,
Baptized in gentle showers;
But one appears, a fairy queen,
Bright June, sweet month of flowers.

August comes with sultry breath,
His garments soiled and dusty,
His nose is red, and folks agree
In saying he is crusty;
His loving wife, July is warm
And full of subtle powers;
But none so neat as our fair queen,
Our June, sweet month of flowers.

Young May appears with winning smiles,
Bedecked with blushing roses;
No artist's brush can paint the scenes
Of beauty she discloses;
The charming melody of birds
Flood all her golden hours;
But brighter, far, the scenes disclosed
By June, sweet month of flowers.

Our lovely queen, we'll welcome thee
With grateful hearts each year,
When birdies sing and soft winds blow
And skies are bright and clear,
When golden sunshine floods the vales
And gilds the rising towers,
O! let our lives be pure and free,
Like June, sweet month of flowers.



THE BOUQUET

ONE little bunch of flowers,
One little sweet bouquet,
I received with fond acceptance
From my darling girl to-day.
She's far away, this lovely morn,
Among some distant bowers;
But she sends her love and greeting
With this little bunch of flowers.

With a tender hand she plucked them
From the arbor where they grew,
And as she stooped to kiss them
Tears were mingled with their dew:
She breathed her spirit on them,
When she sent them on their way;
And I feel that she is near me,
When I kiss the flowers to-day.

This little bunch of flowers
Is sweeter far to me,
Than Flora's fairy garden
On the islands of the sea,
For a spirit whispers from it,
In accents soft and free,
That in Cupid's golden arbor,
A bright angel waits for me.

An angel face as radiant
As the rose tints of sun-set
whose eyes with love light shining
Roll soft in glossy jet;
Such is the girl with tresses
Of glossy raven hair,
Whose spirit whispers softly
From this bunch of flowers fair.

The celestial breath of angels,
That paints the flowers fair,
Is not sweeter than the sighs
That she breathes upon the air;
And the dew that falls from heaven
In the silent star-lit hours
Is not purer than the tears,
That she mingles with the flowers.

The flowers, they will wither,
When the bright sun 'gins to shine;
But I'll kiss away the tears
And moisten them with mine;
The petals they will crumble,
And the odors float away;
And the glowing colors vanish,
When the lovely flowers decay.

But when the flowers fade away
And crumble at my feet,
The spirit still will whisper
In accents soft and sweet,

“There is something in the flowers
Too deep for words to tell,
When mingled with the tears
Of those we love so well.”

ODE TO LITTLE MABLE B—

O Mable, little Mable,
O charming Mable B—
Your life is full of sunshine,
Your soul is full of glee,
Your face is like a rose-bud,
Kissed by gentle showers,
Your smiles are sweet and tender
As the blush of opening flowers.

Your eyes are bright and glowing
With child-hood's sunny gleam
Your young heart full of gladness
Makes life a golden dream:
In accents soft and tender
As the cooing of a dove,
Your gentle voice whispers
The golden dream of love.

O Mable, little Mable,
I would dearly love to be
Like you in life's young morn,
From care and sorrow free;
But such is not my lot,
For those sweet dreams are o'er.
Those sunny days of child-hood
Are gone for ever more.

O Mable, little Mable,
With sweet angelic face,
Were it not for smiles like yours,
Earth would be a cheerless place;
But as we float along the tide
Of life from day to day,
Blushing roses greet us,
To cheer us on our way.

O Mable, little Mable,
I imagine I can see,
Out in the mystic future,
What your coming life will be;
A woman like an angel,
Shedding kindness where she goes,
Is filling home with gladness
Like the fragrance of the rose.

O Mable, little, Mable,
With garlands in your hair,
Whose life is just as pure
As the roses that you wear,

May laurels bright and golden
Ever circle 'round thy brow,
And loving angels keep thee
Ever pure as thou art now.

THE AUTUMN WIND

HERE'S something in the Autumn wind
Too deep for words to tell,
A melancholy sweetness
That makes the heart to swell;
It lifts the soul up higher,
To a brighter sunny sphere,
Where the whisper of the angels
Fall softly on our ear.

It typifies the coming
Of that great eventful day,
When our spirits, like the zephyrs,
Will gently pass away.
It whispers to be ready
As it stirs the golden leaves,
When life's summertime is ended,
To be numbered with the sheaves.

Like vesper chimes from heaven,
It falls in softest strains,
And steals upon our senses
In gentle, sweet refrains;
It tells us we are dying,
In accents sweets and low,
That our forms will soon be lying,
Where the flowers come and go.

I love to hear its music
As it floats among the trees—
'Tis the angel band that's playing,
Unseen hands are on the keys;
Methinks it is the voice
Of seraphs sweetly sighing,
As they kiss the gentle flowers
And the beauties that are dying.

It lifts our thoughts from earth
To a sweeter home above,
Where the soul can bathe forever
In the golden sea of love,
Where cherished ones await us,
Who have crossed the stream before,
And are singing with the angels
On the bright celestial shore.



ELLA.

THIS a lovely morn in May,
The sun shoots down his golden ray
The landscape gleams in ruddy light,
And dew-drops sparkle golden bright:
The birds send forth their merry notes
From pure, clear untarnished throats;
Soft zephyrs fan the flowers, fair,
That spread their fragrance in the air;
The sky is bright, blue, and serene,
Not a cloud is to be seen.
To screen away the rays of light
Which paints for me this lovely sight.

I'm sitting 'neath a shady tree,
And other thoughts float back to me
Upon the sullen stream of time,
Thoughts so deep and so sublime,
Thoughts of one so good and true,
Whose eyes roll soft in glossy blue,
Whose face is fair as Egypt's queen,
And lips with pearl-white teeth atween,
Whose hair in golden ringlets wave,
Whose heart is true, and pure, and brave;
Tongue or pen can not portray
The charms that crown her every day.

I remember well, when first we met,
The grass, with evening dew, was wet,
The sun had sunk behind the hill,
'Twas by the side of a rippling rill
The birds had sought their place of rest,
The moon hung on the mountain's crest.
The stars peeped down upon the scene,
And moon-beams glittered in silver sheen;
The flowers, blushing at our feet,
Filled the air with odors sweet;
The eve was putting on its shade,
When first I met this charming maid.

The moon-beams down, in splendor, rolled,
And there to me her tale she told.
She said: "I am Lord Aldin's child,
My home is in fair Martin wild;
Where flowers bloom sweet in the early May,
And birds sing sweet at the break of day;
Where zephyrs kiss the trailing flowers,
And sunshine floods the golden hours."

Says I: "Sweet girl, if this be so
You must be happy then I know,
To live in such a spot as this,
Where beauty lends a charm to bliss."
She said: "Kind sir, don't speak it so,
My home hath charms full well I know;
But what are charms and scenes like this
To a heart that longs for sweeter bliss
Than angels e'er felt above,

The untold bliss, the bliss of love,
The bliss that comes from God alone,
As pure as snow, from heaven blown,
The bliss that only true love knows,
That cheers the heart 'mid pain and woes,
The bliss that makes the heart to swell
With happiness too deep to tell;
O! give me love without alloy,
That fills the soul with sweetest joy

As we stood beneath the star-lit sky
I saw a tear steal from her eye,
I felt the charm of the mystic spell
Of love which now around us fell.
I took her snow-white hand in mine
And led her to a trailing vine,
Supported by an antique frame,
Owned by some æsthetic dame.
We sat down on a rustic seat,
with blue-bells nodding at our feet,
And there amid the stilly night,
While stars above us glittered bright,
While zephyrs stired the wiered pines
And Luna winked through the trellis vines,
We thought, not of the things around us,
But of the mystic spell that bound us.
And as we sat, soul merged in soul,
My arm around her little form stole;
She raised her gentle eyes to mine,
I saw in them a love divine.

I could no longer stay the bliss,
And to her lips I pressed a kiss,
A kiss, pure as Lucrecia's sigh,
That angels might, in heaven, vie.
It filled my soul with a mystic spell,
That words can not portray or tell;
And as I pressed her to my side,
She lingered still and only sighed;
Lingered still with a throbbing heart,
The powerless victim of Cupid's dart;
But this I knew as well as she,
Her little soul went out to me.

O earth! O heaven! what is like this,
That fills the soul with sweetest bliss?
A bliss too deep for human words,
That stills the tongues of the stoutest Lords.

Just then the voice of a whip-poor-will
Sounded clear from across the rill.
It broke the spell that had us bound
In silence. Not a single sound
Had broke the stillness of the hours,
But the rill and the wind-stired trellis flowers.
She raised to me her drooping head,
And in trembling accents said

“Kind sir, can you to me impart
The meaning of this magic art
That wraps in sweetness the human heart?
Says I, “’Tis bliss from heaven above,
The untold bliss, the bliss of love;

The blis which but an hour ago
We ne'er had felt on earth below,
A bliss that only is begun
When two fond hearts dissolve in one.
Sweet girl, this night we'll ne'er forget,
And when the grass with dew is wet,
Thoughts will fill your heart and mine
Of the rippling rill and the trellis vine.

Just then the bell from the village tower
Sounded forth the leaving hour;
And as we 'rose by the trellis vine,
I pressed her throbbing heart to mine.
She could not speak for joy and bliss. [kiss
But our vows were sealed with a raptured
We vowed, with trembling, beating hearts,
To live and love till death us parts.
And as she turned from me to go
To her home, where sweetest flowers grow,
I dropped a tear on the grass that grew
At my feet, all wet with the evening dew.
And as she passed down by the rill
I was left alone with the whip-poor-will

The stars still glittered from above,
But my heart was filled with Ella's love.
For Ella was the name of her,
Above all things, my heart held dear.
And now, kind reader we must part,
For a time, to still my beating heart;
And I must haste to my humble home,
And leave you here with the stars alone.

ELLA.

PART. II

FIVE times hath the month of May,
With sunny smiles and flowers gay,
With singing birds and humming bee,
Paid her visit to you and me;
Five times hath the whip-poor-will
Sung her song by the rippling rill;
Five times hath the trellis flowers
Bloomed in May-time's sunny hours;
Five times hath the sun so bright
Kissed the flowers with golden light;
Five times hath gentle Luna smiled
Upon the plains of Martin wild;
Five times hath the grass been wet
In the dews of May since first we met,
Since first we met on the evening still,
On the verdant bank of the rippling rill,
Where our souls were joined in a feast of bliss,
And our vows were sealed with a raptured kiss.
Where I left you, reader, with the stars alone
And hastened to my humble home.

But O! what changes wrought, since then,
Upon the lives of things and men,
Changes wrought by father Time,
Whose wings are spread from clime to clime.
Who, in his still and silent way,
New scenes disclose from day to day,

Changes, great and mighty too,
Presents he to the human view.
He breathes upon the flowers that grow,
They fade and sink to earth below;
He touches the cheek of the sleeping babe,
Slow, but sure, a change is made;
And cares are brought, and busy strife,
As child-hood fades in lusty life;
Another touch, and youth has fled,
Old age comes on with feeble tread,

And man, the noble work of God,
In silence sleeps beneath the sod;
But as they sink in earth's embrace
Others come to fill their place.

O fleeting Time! it must be true,
You take the old to bring the new.
The oak that reared its lofty head
Crumbled beneath thy silent tread;
But a youthful tree is growing well,
To mark the spot where the giant fell.

The rippling rill still wanders on,
The whip-poor will still sings her song;
But naught is seen of the trellis vine,
Where first I bowed at Ella's shrine;
And the rustic seat has passed away
Since first we met in the early May:
But to mark the spot whereat they died
An evergreen is spreading wide.

And the happy home in Martin wild,
That sheltered o'er Lord Aldin's child,
Where sweetest, fairest flowers grew,
And sun-shine smiled through a sky of blue,
Has lost a jewel, bright and fair,
With sparkling eyes and golden hair,
A jewel of the brightest hue
That wondering mortals ever knew,
A jewel, rich, that glittered bright
As the stars that shine of a moonless night.
This jewel shining till the last,
From Lord Aldin's home has past.
Past into another sphere,
The child Lord Aldin loved so dear,
The child with gentle beaming eyes,
That made his home a paradise.

Luna still smiles upon the home,
The stars still shine above the dome,
The trailing vines and blushing flowers,
That filled with sweetness the summer hours
In beauty still is blooming on;
But Ella, fairest one, is gone,
Where sweetest bliss is kept in store
For her who sighs for it no more,
A spot where brightest flowers grow,
Where soft and balmy zephyrs blow,
With sunny sky of azure blue,
And golden sunshine streaming through

Upon the green and grassy sward,
Where Ella walks beside her Lord.
Its glory baffles human words,
Angels, roses, and mocking-birds
Hover around the blisful spot,
Where Ella cast her happy lot.

And, though the sweetest bird has flown,
Lord Aldin's is a happy home;
No sad hearts or tearful eyes
Grieve the loss of the cherished prize.
Lord Aldin once did never grieve,
When he saw his child must leave;
But with a father's gentle hand,
He led her to the golden sand,
When the tide was rising high,
And gave her up without a sigh,
Gave her up to another sphere,
Where love and bliss awaited her;
And as she reached the golden shore,
Lord Aldin sent his blessings o'er,
Then gently bowed his head and smiled,
Whispering "Peace, go with my child."

Never more will Ella's face,
Full of smiles and happy grace,
Fill the old old home with glee,
Where her face was wont to be;
Nevermore beneath the trees,
That wave their verdure in the breeze.

Will she stroll when it is late,
Adown beside the garden gate,
Where we met, to talk of love,
Beneath the stars that shone above.

O! kind reader, what a change!
But you will not think it strange,
That Father Time, with locks of snow,
In his choice has made it so;
Made it so and made it best,
And not a heart is ill at rest,
Not a soul is in despair,
At the loss of one so fair.

A loss? O! no, it is not so,
'Tis a gain of heaven here below,
A gain of all that heart could wish,
Of constant love, of sweetest bliss,
Of joy and peace unknown before,
What heart could ask or wish for more?
O! 'tis the sweetest boon of life,
Sweet angel Ella is my wife.
And as I sit beneath this tree,
Her loving eyes look out at me
Through the blushing trellis flowers
That circle 'round that home of ours,
That home, ever blest with love
And envied by the hosts above.
And now, kind reader, I will close,
While Ella plucks a blushing rose;

Across the lawn, in happy glee,
With smiling face she comes to me.

Kind reader, this, I'd have you know,
The sweetest bliss on earth below
Is sent from God himself above,
The untold bliss, the bliss of LOVE.

ODE TO THE SUN.

THOU glorious orb, author of light,
Thou great and mighty king of day,
When thou did'st take thy throne
In the midst of the dark'ning universe,
A thousand burnished shafts of light
Shot athwart the blacken'd skies,
A thousand worlds smiled in exultation,
Ceased their groans and leaped for joy
Through the eternal depths of space;
Cold, barren, naked, fruitless worlds
Heaved their huge forms from icy beds,
And rushed with unbounded speed
Through trackless fields of living light
And cheering warmth, to do thy bidding.
A thousand mighty angels, tall as Everest,
And strong as the huge giant Etna,
Rose up from beds of sable night,
And with clashing wings and piercing notes

That 'waked, from dreams, the sleeping spirits,
Sung with joy the glad approach of day;
While the sable god of endless night
Fled before thy coming majesty,
Through a thousand depths of space,
Past a thousand rushing worlds,
Till, on the accursed shore of Hades,
He found an everlasting abode.

The pale-faced moon, queen of heaven,
When thou didst greet her with a smile,
Veiled her face in gentle modesty
And withdrew from the palace of day.
Like the gentle dew, before approaching noon,
Shrinks from among the gilded flowers,
Shrunk the queen of glory from thy approach:
And when thou turnest from the gates of day,
To lie down 'mid beds of crimson glory,
She takes her regal throne in the skies;
And from the soft embrace of inviting night,
Slowly unveils her lovely timid face,
And smiling sweetly through a veil of tears,
Her queenly brow receives the last faint ray
Of thy lingering good-night kisses.

When thou, O sun! ariseth from saffron beds,
Like a mighty angel, refreshed from slumber,
The shining hosts of heaven flee away,
The golden portals of day swing back,

And an ocean of light floods the gilded skies.
Nature rejoices and smiles at thy approach,
Animation riseth up to do thee honor,
Thrilled with a new impulse of life from thee.
Oh! thou, through whose agency we live,
Thou, who paintest every blushing flower,
Who gives a hue to every tinted shell,
And pours a flood of glory over all;
Thou who lifts the waters from the sea
And carries them far up beyond the skies,
Changing them to golden tinted clouds,
To bathe again the face of mother earth;
Thou, who stireth up the mighty winds,
To sweep in hurricanes across the plains,
To be again subdued and stilled,
Lest they should bruise the heart

Of some sweet flower.

Tell me, Oh! Father of everlasting light,
Art thou the mansion of eternal God,
Filled with glory that is too sublime
For mortal eyes to witness here below?
And when our panting spirits are set free,
Shall they, ascending to the throne,
Behold the glory hidden from us here?
And bathe in fields of light, transcending all?



THE STORY OF MAN.

IN the shining courts of heaven,
Where the mysteries unfold,
Are a host of angel faces
That visit many places,
And one with many graces
Approached me bold;
And when my head is hoary,
I'll not forget the story
Of the blessed King of glory
That it told.

I shall not attempt to tell you
All the wonders it unsealed,
For they would fill the pages
Of the volumes of the ages,
And employ all the sages
In the field.

But this it laid before me,
And, reader I implore thee,
By the God who bendeth o'er me,
Hear what it revealed.

"In the morning of creation,
When the Lord was looking o'er
All the creatures he had made,
As they came from sun and shade,
Moving in a grand parade
On the shore,

He beheld with admiration
All the hosts with their relation,
But the great work of creation
 Wanted more.

Then the mighty King of heaven,
 Turning to the angel band,
Said: "Let us make a creature,
Most beautiful in feature,
To be a king and teacher
 O'er the land.
For in all of my creation
I have no imitation,
And without hesitation.
 Formed he man.

Then the hosts of heaven shouted
 In a voice that was rife;
And straight-way to him fleeing,
They admired this new being,
And God, their wonder seeing,
 Gave him life.
Then he saw his lonely state,
How he needed a fair mate,
And to share his high estate,
 Gave him a wife.

Then he took this charming couple,

 The objects of his love,
And invested them with power
O'er every beast and flower.
And blessings sent, each hour,
 From above.

And celestial beings doted
On this couple grown so noted,
While the sweetest music floated
 From the dove

So this man and woman, happy.

 In a floral garden stood
On a plain but little lower
Than the angels, hovering o'er,
And no evil cursed their shore.

 They were good.
The Lord was pleased to meet them,
And often came to greet them.
And to choice blessings treat them,
 'Neath the wood.

And with nothing to molest them,
 Their happiness was much;
But in order to remind them
Of duty, God assigned them
A simple law to bind them.

 It was such:

Of all the fruitful trees
That wave in Eden's breeze,
You may eat, but one of these,
Do not touch.

This fatal tree is pleasant,
And enchanting to the eye,
Sweet odors float above it,
Inviting you to love it;
But it you must not covet,
pass it by.
Though it looks so very neat,
And its golden fruit is sweet;
Yet the day in which you eat,
You will die.

Then he bless'd the happy couple,
And ascended to his throne.
They were left amid the flowers
Of the garden; many hours,
To revel in loves sweet bowers,
All their own.
No bliss they need to borrow,
Joy came with each to-morrow.
Not a pang of grief or sorrow,
They had known.

They wandered through the Garden,
King and queen of all the host;
And with every thing to suit,
They plucked ambrosial fruit,
Tamed every fowl and brute
Upon the coast.
Not a stain that needed cure,
On their lives unsullied pure,
Could be found, no word is truer,
They could boast.

But Satan who had fallen
By his conduct in the skies,
Stole in amid the flowers,
To exert his subtle powers
On the couple, and for hours
Thus he tries.
He excited a desire
In their nature, to be higher,
And this he did inspire,
To be wise.

Thus he spoke unto the woman
He'd beguiled unto the tree.
Yea to you the Lord hath said
Every tree for you is bread;
Eat the fruit above your head
And be free.

For the very God doth know,
When you eat it, wise you'll grow,
And wonders here below,
 You will see

His cunning words though fatal
 Was enchanting to her ear,
As he spoke about its beauties,
And how fair its golden fruit is,
Till she quite forgot the duties
 Binding her.
And then he caught her eye
And spoke the fated lie,
God knows you will not die,
 Never fear.

Then putting forth her hand,
 She plucked of it and ate,
To Adam then she gave,
He ate, the deed was brave,
But Satan knew a grave,
 Would be their fate.
And then they clearly saw,
How they'd transgressed the law,
And they trembled there in awe
 Beside the gate.

Their eyes were opened then,
So they saw the broken vow;
And at the close of day
They sought to hide away,
For they heard the Lord to say
 "Where art thou."
And coming from the place,
Where they hid in their disgrace,
They stood before his face,
 Fearing now.

The mighty King of heaven
 Knew what they had done,
And turning to them said,
"Peace and quietude has fled;
And troubles come instead,
 To each one.
And you will feel the sting
For death will surely bring
An end to every thing
 Beneath the sun.

And the very earth was cursed,
 By Jehova's great command:
And the thistle and the thorn
Sprang up before the morn,
And misery was born
 Upon the land.

And man was driven out,
Into a world of doubt,
Where Satan roamed about
 With his band.

And the golden gate was closed.
 On the unhappy pair;
And to guard the shining way,
The Lord did then array
A flaming sword to stay
 All from there.
Lest evil should partake
Of fruit that would awake
The dead to Life, and make
 The demons fair.

Then a council was assembled
 In the shining courts on high.
This was to ascertain
If in heavens broad domain,
Any power could regain
 Man, by and by.
But of all the mighty host,
No one could pay the cost,
Man surely is lost,
 He must die.

Lo! behold the King of Glory
As he rises in the host,
Saying I alone of all
The celestial beings tall,
Can raise man from the fall,
To his post.

I, alone, possess the key,
My Father gave it me,
And I will set him free
At any cost.

I will go into the world,
By sin so sadly cursed.
A herald I will sound,
And when man is found,
The ties that have him bound,
I will burst.
The golden gates once more
Shall be opened as before,
And peace I will restore
As at first.

Then he left the shining courts,
To battle with the foe.
And like a little babe,
He descended to the shade
That sin and death had made,
To strike the blow.

As a gentle lamb he came—
Oh! bless his holy name,
And spread his mighty fame
Here below.

And Satan with his host
Rose up against the Son.
They sought to lay him low,
And struck the cruel blow
That caused his blood to flow
For each one.

And death, the devils bride,
Her tortures on him tried,
But glory! then he cried
It is done.

And then upon the cross
He broke the mighty cord,
That bound the gates of hell,
And Satans powers fell,
Conquered, all is well,
Man's restored.

And then he did arise,
And ascended to the skies,
While earth and heaven cries,
'Praise the Lord'

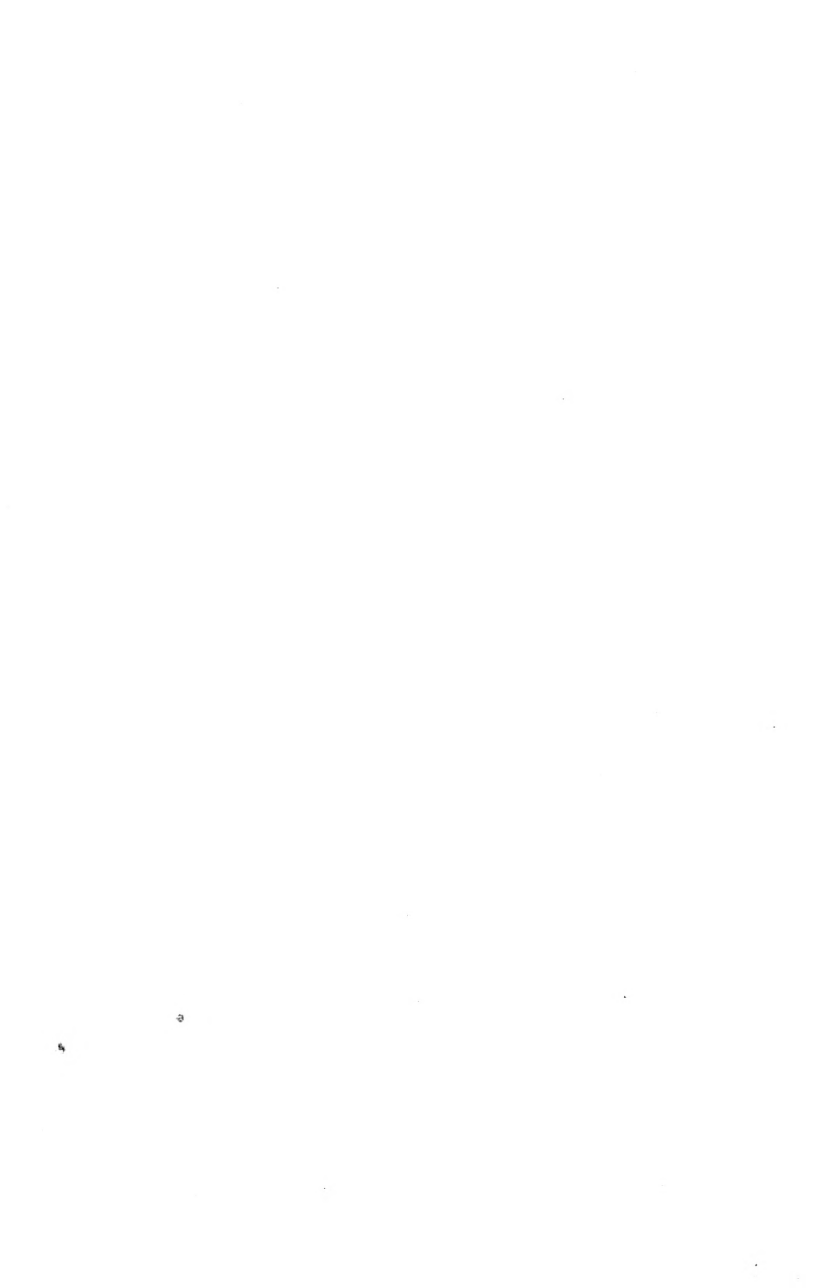
THE END.

NOTES.

Below are given the typographical errors found in
this Book

WORDS MISSPELLED—Descending, p. 11; Where'er,
p. 15; Bright, p.16; Faint, p.18; Cherished, p.22;
Disappointment, p.26; Bosom, p. 27; Despairing p.
28; Babbling, p.36; Pebbles, p.36; With, p.37; Vice
versa, p.38; Mabel, p.43, 44; Sweet, p.46;
Blushing, p.48; Bliss, p.51; Blissful, p.55; Exclaim-
ed, p.11.

The word "Sighs" in the last line of the first stanza on
p.23 should be "Smiles" and "Have" should be "Has."



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